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# THE CANADIAN CASSETTE

NEC DESIT JUCUNDIS GRATIA VERBIS.

VOLUME I.

HAMILTON, DECEMBER 3, 1831.

NUMBER 4.

## SELECT TALES.

"To hold the mirror up to Nature."

WRITTEN FOR THE CASSETTE.

### CONSTANCY.

A TALE OF TRUTH—TAKEN FROM THE  
SKETCH-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

At York, I fell in with adventures which will never be effaced from my memory. Among them there is one illustrative of the virtue of constancy and its happy results, which I esteem worthy of a place in my sketch book; and which, should I ever exchange vows with one who has greater charms than the ever varying scenes of nature, (whose loveliness I have already contemplated in three quarters of the globe,) I shall always recur to when my faith is assailed by a new charmer, or by any obstacle short of death.

Among the guests who, like myself, had made our hotel a temporary *home*, there was a lady in whom I took an unusual interest. Was I in love? No; for I find my heart still whole. Yet, I admired, without hardly knowing why. She was beautiful; but I had met with more brilliant beauty in a thousand instances; her beauty was losing its richness—the buoyancy and the bloom of youth had fled—nay, more—she was melancholy. Mine, then, was the love of compassion. My feelings were all alive to her unknown misfortunes; and that restless curiosity which has led me over Europe, part of Africa and America, in quest of objects for its gratification, now urged me, with all its eloquence, to pry into the history of a solitary female stranger.

This lady had a lovely child, who seemed the only object to whom her social feelings were open; while her reserved, solitary and retiring deportment, barred the world from any approaches towards her. This child bore so strong a resemblance to one whose image was indelibly stamped on my memory, that I felt the more anxious to know her history on that ac-

count. At length I learned that it was the only child of my early friend Glenn, with whom I had travelled throughout his native country, Scotland. This made me more the lovely stranger's intimate. She was the widow of my noble Caladonian friend, of whom I had gained no intelligence since we parted at Glasgow, on my embarkation for the Continent.

From relating to her my adventures with Glenn, which were replete with those lively incidents that a pedestrian excursion through Scotland is capable of affording, I pursued the sequel of my travels in France; and on mentioning the name of one with whom I had held an intimate connexion in that country, it seemed to revive recollections which threw her off the guard, and betrayed, for a moment, the deepest emotion. What could this conflict mean? The lady did not seem disposed to a voluntary explanation; and I had touched too delicate a chord to think of reviving its vibrations.

We were both on our way to that wonder of waters, the Falls of Niagara; and I determined to be the lady's companion amid those sublime and beautiful scenes, where the deepest cares are momentarily dissipated by a sense of the presence of Deity, and where the poet, the painter, and the naturalist may find ample materials for their themes. The day arrived for our departure, and we repaired to the quay to embark on board the *Queenston* for Niagara.

Among the crowd assembled on the quay, I observed a gentleman who seemed to regard my companion with much scrutiny, and at length with evident emotion. At this instant the lady's eyes met his—she shrieked, and swooned on my arm. The gentleman flew to her assistance; and ere the dim roseate—which had survived years of silent grief—again assumed its vein on her enchanting countenance, I discovered in the cause of her alarm, an old

acquaintance, whose person was so changed during the seven years since we parted at Lyons, that I did not at first recognise him. Yes, it was no other than Hobson, the mention of whose name, a few days previous, had so agitated the lady. At this instant the ship-bell rung, and the captain of the steamer piped "All aboard!" We embarked in our confusion and were soon gliding across perhaps the most beautiful body of water in the world. While one blessed the memory of Robert Fulton for what he had contributed towards our pleasant conveyance, and another expatiated on the beauty of the surrounding scenery—each of us revolved, in silence, the eventful remembrance of by-gone days and the series of events which had led to this unexpected meeting.

On recovering my presence of mind, I endeavoured to assume a degree of formality, and remove our party from the sphere of that curiosity which our singular encounter had excited; and then, after exchanging a few courtesies, I left my friends to a private interview.

When I contracted an acquaintance with Hobson in France; he was a votary to the pleasures of fashionable society. Residing with a wealthy connexion, who frequently entertained the gay circles of Lyons, and being naturally of a cheerful temperament, there seemed no barrier to the gratification of his native bent. But shortly before my departure from that city, there was a sudden and very marked change in his feelings, the cause of which he did not then explain to me, though he expressed a determination of returning soon to England.

At dinner we met again, when the countenances of my friends beamed with a lustre of heartfelt satisfaction to which they had evidently long been strangers. When the repast was over, I repaired to the deck with Hobson, to hear the history of what now appeared so strange to me.

The greatest crime that an Englishman can perpetrate, is to oppose a match of interest designed for him by connexions. This seemed to be a hereditary crime in my friend's family—George Hobson was the only son of an English nobleman, who had married a lady of extraordinary beauty and a moderate fortune, but whose rank was far inferior to his own. This marriage had been extremely obnoxious to the noble family; and, in consequence, no intercourse was ever had between them and the connexions of the lady.

At an early age George was left an orphan, to the guardianship of an heirless uncle, who adopted him; and who, in consequence of the family hostility which seldom dies in such cases, took every possible precaution to make his nephew a stranger to his mother's relations—and in this he so well succeeded, that had his charge been asked who was his mother, he might have returned the answer of Brutus in the play.

At length the young nobleman was sent to Oxford for his education. Upon one of those visits during vacation, which he was wont to pay his connexions in the west of England, an adventure occurred which led to the interesting incidents of my story. On the highway he overtook a gentleman in the act of delivering his purse to a brace of robbers. He interposed and by his single valor compelled the villains to restore their booty and to retreat into an ambush. The gentleman insisted on his deliverer accompanying him to his residence, where our student was doomed to meet, in the stranger's daughter, an object to rouse a heart which had never opened itself to the pleasures and pains of love.

Emily was an only daughter, as lovely as the flowers among which she had bloomed, and the idol of both her parents, who had bestowed on her every accomplishment that could be derived from a private education. Having always remained in the country, her manners had suffered nothing from the taint of fashionable life; and having just arrived at that age when the heart expands itself to the finer feelings, George was the first messenger who had ever been sent to her upon the business of Cupid. The operations of this passion were mutual; and, when George departed, after tarrying three

days with his new acquaintances, there was no occasion for the entreaties which the gentleman used to prevail on him to repeat his visits.

George frequently stole away from Oxford, to visit his charming Emily, whose parents marked their attachment with approbation. At length the gentleman recognized in the student his nephew; and notwithstanding what he learned of his connexion's hostility to the family, his generous heart could not brook the idea, and he hastened to confide to his uncle the discovery of his new relations. His jealous guardian—who had once seen the beautiful Emily and readily suspected the attachment—flew into an extacy at the intelligence, and immediately ordered his nephew from Oxford.

A generous and noble soul despises falsehood—when George was summoned to an explanation, he, ingeniously acknowledged the state of his feelings, and the advances he had made. This was enough to bare his head to the storm. It was not sufficient for his uncle to paint for him the deep hatred that had long existed between the two families—the inequality of their rank—and the extreme impropriety of marrying a cousin. He determined to place his charge beyond the reach of a farther intercourse; and, accordingly sent him to a connexion in France. Here, for a time, George endeavoured to cultivate obedience to his guardians will; and, mingling in the gay circles of Lyons, his heart was temporarily diverted from its object.—But her image was stamped there indelibly; and when the novelty of gayety and splendor began to wane, she presented herself to his imagination with redoubled attractions—

"Like birds whose beauties languish  
half concealed,  
Till mounted on the wing their glossy  
plumes  
Expanded shine with azure, green, and  
gold."

Young Hobson wrote to Emily, but the vigilant uncle intercepted his letters; and to facilitate his designs managed to convey to Emily, in a plausible form, intelligence of her lover's inconstancy and enthusiasm, amidst the gayest of the gay at Lyons; and succeeded in impressing her with a belief that he had become attached to another with whom he would shortly be united. Emily sickened at the intelligence, and

yielding herself a prey to melancholy, a change of scenery and climate was soon found indispensable to her health.

If there are scenes on earth susceptible of diverting the heart wounded in matters of love from its melancholy, those scenes abound in the Highlands of Scotland. There it was that Emily was destined to conceal her anguish, but not forget it. She had connexions, residing amid the fastnesses of the ancient Picts, whom she went to visit; and by their interposition was introduced to the affections of Glenn, whom she was prevailed on to marry.

Soon after their marriage, Emily paid a farewell visit to her dotting parents, and then embarked with her husband for America, where he had determined to settle.

Meantime, Hobson learning from a Scotch paper what had taken place, gave way to that despondency which I had observed before we parted at Lyons. Soon after, he returned to England; and eventually married, to the satisfaction of his friends, though his heart was not at the disposal of his hand. During five years, he lived affectionately with his wife in England—tho' not happily, for although always kind, he was the victim of incurable melancholy. At length he was left a widower, with one child, whom he was urged to leave with its relations, and travel for the recovery of his depressed spirits. He embarked for America, and was prosecuting his travels when we met at York.

Emily who had now been left a widow in a strange land, about two years, had just settled her affairs with a design to return to England; and had taken the tour of the Falls on her way to N. York, where she was to embark. Their meeting seemed providential; and I soon lost every feeling towards the lady except a desire to see her united with the object of her early affection—and I contrived successfully to facilitate this union, and the pastor of the Scotch Kirk at Niagara consummated my design.

When we parted, Mr. Hobson and his lady prosecuted their journey to New-York, to embark for England; and revisit those scenes from which their early attachment had driven them. To conclude, I leave it for those who cavil upon such matters, to decide whether "Constancy is only the fruits of first love."

FOR THE CASKET.  
EPISTOLARY EASE.

The spirit and beauty of epistolary composition is defined in one short word—*Candor*—which is as indispensable to an easy, agreeable style, as agility is to graceful dancing. Many persons, on sitting down to address a friend, have such a high sense of decorum, that they hobble along like a monkey in boots. We have a prominent instance, of this class, in an old school fellow, who has always been a punctual correspondent. The postage on his letters has cost us enough to purchase ten new friends; and we intend soon to have them bound in a gilded quarto, and deposited among the curiosities of Peale's Museum. On comparing 48 of these epistles, whose dates were comprised between two bissextiles, we find such a sameness, that we cannot pardon our remissness in not having abridged the writer's labor, by throwing the heads of one into type, and forwarding him forty or fifty impressions, about as full as a blank indenture. The form begins thus: "Dear Friend—I take my pen in hand, to inform you that I enjoy good health, and hope these lines will find you participating the same"—and ends—

"My pen is poor, my ink is pale;  
My love to you shall never fail."

Excuse the rest. But, "In joy's the cat catches no mice"—away with your letter books, and hackneyed formulas. We want the letters of our friend, to afford a graphic picture of their temperament and circumstances at the moment of writing.

About 11 o'clock, on the last night of St. Andrew's, we popped into the closet of a jovial young friend who had just returned from the Saint's festival, and sat down to answer a family letter—i.e.—an epistle in which each member of his father's family had addressed him a few lines. A sheet which he had just written over was submitted to our perusal while he went on to address the whole progeny, and we were so amused with the matter and manner, that nothing short of a specimen for our Casket would pacify us, and he consented to the following extract:

"DEAR PARENTS—(And here I must pause while you both wipe your spectacles—the scone of "Welcome Lafayette," and blend a pinch of Riel's best with your olfactory inspirations—and then go on)—I shall first proceed to answer mother's letter, as well as may be. You complain that "a long time has elapsed without enabling you to hear whether I were dead or alive." Well, fond Mother, I can give you a reason for not hearing from me, which will not be doubted, and that is

to explain the feelings of parents," &c. Well, I rolled this on my tongue with as much uneasiness as our district pedagogic, Master R—son, did the hot potatoe, though it did not burn much. "Experience!" I reiterated—"Experience!"—no, by all the stars of my horoscope; it will be a long time before I experience this." So you see I could not get the lesson in this way. Just then it occurred to me, (being secluded in a private apartment,) that I might come at a parent's feelings by the force of *Imagination*. So I drew my phiz into a sorry, lengthened expression, gave my legs an air of rigidity, and tottered away to an old elbow chair standing in a dark corner of the room, where I gravely reclined, fancying myself a little younger than Methuselah, with about as many descendants as Adam, and these scattered here, there, and every where, "on the world's wide stage." I imagined myself seated by the side of my Eve, a blind, toothless old woman, who was bitterly deploring the unknown fate of a sort of faithless son, who was somewhere, and would not write to us. But what finally spoiled the picture, was that we had a numerous posterity of grand-children, to whom my old wife was particularly partial: and she happened to have one of these in charge when we sat down. An just as we were discussing the fortunes of this son and that son, and such and such a daughter—the squalling bantling who was lying in the same old cradle that had been continually rocking something for more than forty years—yes; which had rocked so much, that the very approach of a child would put it in a motion which nothing but wrenching the babe from beneath its canopy could stop—the little urchin awoke at this instant, with such annoying cries, that I sprang involuntarily from the old chair, at the same time exclaiming—"Experience! Experience!—I want no such experience as this." So after all, I failed to sympathize in your feelings either by experience or imagination. You say, "when I get your letter poor as it is, I must say to myself, 'this is from mother, and I must answer soon.'" Well, after reading it several times over, says I to myself, "this is from mother, and I must answer it soon—this is from mother, and I must answer it soon." And I repeated the sentence so often, that like the old cradle, my tongue acquired a kind of instinctive motion; and it might probably have continued the repetition if I should have returned to old G—ville and answered your letter verbally. But at a sumptuous dinner, this evening, from whence I am just returned, I met with one of mother's favorite dishes, which gave

lections of home—so there was no possibility of procrastinating any longer. And now, indulgent Parents, stop a little for breath, and calculate the double postage you pay for such nonsense.

MISCELLANY.

"Various that the mind of desultory man,  
Studios of change and pleas'd with novelty,  
May be indulg'd."

ANECDOTE OF GAMBLING.—Tho' I never in my life won or lost five pounds at play, I was a frequent visitor at Frascati. I went as a looker-on, and, to confess the truth, for the purpose of indulging in the excitement occasioned by watching the various changes of the game, and their effects upon those who were more seriously interested in them. To a mere observer this excitement is intense: to the player, deeply involved, it must be fearful. I remember a very old gentleman who was daily carried by his ser-

anxiety displayed by Woolsey in the escorting of his Cardinal's hat was ludicrous in the extreme. He always had lofty notions of the dignity of this hat, and was much chagrined by the Pope's having forwarded it to him in "a Valet's budget." (We quote from the haughty Cardinal's letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, from the original manuscript in the British Museum.) "The Valet" was therefore detained in France till his appearance was, at the Cardinal's expense, made more worthy of the treasure of which he was the ignoble guardian. On its landing, the hat was actually met by a great procession at Blackheath, and conducted in solemn triumph to Westminster Abbey. When it reached the Abbey it was placed in state on a table, with tapers round it, before an empty suite, and the greatest Duke in the land was compelled to make a courtesy to it. After this the hat appears to have acted a very distinguished part in all the Cardinals processions and state exhibitions, and, we presume, conducted itself with becoming dignity and discretion.

assemblies of gayety are brought together by motives of the same kind. The theatre is not filled with those that know or regard the skill of the actor, nor the ball room by those who dance, or attend to the dancers. To all places of general resort, where the standard of pleasure is erected, we run with equal eagerness, or appearance of eagerness, for very different reasons. One goes that he may say he has been there, another because he never misses. This man goes to try what he can find, and that to discover what others find. Whatever diversion is costly will be frequented by those who desire to be thought rich; and whatever has, by any accident, become fashionable, easily continues its reputation, because every one is ashamed of not partaking it. —Johnson.

## BIOGRAPHY.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

### HUGH LATIMER...

Hugh Latimer, an eminent English prelate and reformer in the sixteenth century, was the son of a respectable yeoman, at Thurcaston, in Leicestershire, where he was born about the year 1470. He received his early education at a country school, whence he was removed to Cambridge in his fourteenth year. He first became openly obnoxious to the enemies of innovation, by a series of discourses in which he dwells upon the uncertainty of tradition, the vanity of works of supererogation, and the pride and usurpation of the Roman hierarchy. At length, the bishop of Ely interdicted his preaching within the jurisdiction of the university; but doctor Barnes, prior of the Augustines, being friendly to the reformation, licensed Latimer to preach in his chapel, which was exempt from episcopal interference. The progress of the new opinions was represented to Cardinal Wolsey, who, at the importunity of archbishop Warham, created a court of his bishops and deacons to put the laws in execution against hereticks. Before this court, Bilney and Latimer were summoned, and the former, who was deemed the principal, being induced to recant, the whole were set at liberty; and Latimer was licensed to preach throughout England. Bilney afterwards disclaimed his adjuration, and suffered martyrdom at Norwich. The fate of his friend by no means intimidated Latimer, who had the courage to write a letter of remonstrance to Henry VIII, on the evil of prohibiting the use of the Bible in English. Although this epistle produced no effect, Henry presented the writer to the living of West Kinton, in Wiltshire. The ascendancy of Anne Boleyn, and rise of Thomas Cromwell, proved favourable to Latimer, and he was, in 1535, appointed bishop of Worcester. It was then the custom for bishops to make presents on new year's day, to the king, and, among the rest Latimer waited at court with his gift, which, instead of

a purse of gold, was a New Testament, having the leaf turned down to the following passage—"Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge." Henry was not, however, offended; and when the sturdy prelate was, some time after, called before him to answer for some passages in a sermon which he had preached at court, he defended himself so handsomely, that he was dismissed with a smile. The fall of Anne Boleyn and Cromwell prepared the way for reverses, and the six articles being carried in parliament, Latimer resigned his bishoprick, rather than hold any office in church which enforced such terms of communion, and retired into the country. Here he remained in privacy, until obliged to return to London for medical advice. There he was discovered by the emissaries of Cardinal, and imprisoned for the remainder of Henry's reign. On the accession of Edward, he was released, and became highly popular at court by his preaching, during that reign, but never could be induced to resume his episcopal functions. He took up his abode with archbishop Cranmer, at Lambeth, where his chief employment was to hear complaints and procure redress for the poor. Soon after Mary ascended the throne, Latimer was cited to appear before the council, in doing which, an opportunity was afforded him to quit the kingdom. He, however, prepared with alacrity to obey the citation, and, as he passed thro' Smithfield, exclaimed, "His place has long groaned for me." About the same time, Cranmer and the bishop Ridley were also committed to the Tower, and the three prelates were confined in the same room. From the tower they were conveyed to Oxford, and confined in the common prison preparatory to a disputation, in which Latimer behaved with intrepidity and simplicity, refusing to deliver any thing more than a free confession of his opinions. The three prelates, although condemned, remained in prison 16 months chiefly because the statutes under which they had been tried had been formally repealed. In 1555, however, new and more sanguinary laws having been enacted, in support of the Roman religion, a commission was issued by cardinal Pole, the pope's legate, to try Latimer and Ridley for heresy. Much pains were taken, during this second trial, to induce them to sign articles of subscription, which they steadfastly refused, and were in consequence, delivered over to the secular arm, and condemned to the flames. The sentence was put in execution about a fortnight after their condemnation, Oct. 16, 1555. At the place of execution, having thrown off the old gown which was wrapped about him, Latimer appeared in a shroud, prepared for the purpose, and, with his fellow sufferer, was fastened to the stake with an iron chain. A faggot, ready kindled, was then placed at Ridley's feet to whom Latimer exclaimed, "Be of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." He then recom-

mended his soul to God, and with firmness and composure, expired. His preaching was popular in his own times, in which his simplicity, familiarity and drollery were highly estimated.

### THE ARTS.

"What cannot Art and Industry perform,  
Where science plans the progress of their toil!  
They smile at penury, disease and storm;  
And exult from their mighty moulds recoil."

**PRESSURE OF SAND AGAINST WALLS.**—Loose sand, enclosed between two walls, acts as a wedge, and will ultimately force out the weaker wall of the two. A timber-kiln was built some few years ago at a sea-port town, and in order to prevent an ornamental exterior of calcareous stone from being affected by the heat, a double wall was contrived, having a space of four inches in the centre, filled with sand. The shaking occasioned by the carts passing near, caused a gradual settlement of the sand, and before long the external wall gave way in all directions. Loose earth produces the same effect, but in a less degree; and it is observable that walls built against banks of earth, though they resist the pressure perfectly well at first, yield to it by degrees, and ultimately fail, whenever the earth is of a crumbly nature. The formulae for calculating the necessary thickness of such walls, does not take into account this singular wedge-like property; indeed, it might be difficult to assign any force equivalent to so extraordinary a pressure, where dry loose sand is the substance of the soil.

**VALUABLE PROPERTY OF SILK.**—A silk covering of the texture of a common handkerchief is said to possess the peculiar property of resisting the noxious influence, and of neutralizing the effects of malaria. If, as is supposed, the poisonous matter is received into the system through the lungs, it may not be difficult to account for the action of this very simple preventive. It is well known that such is the nature of malaria poison that it is easily decomposed by even feeble chemical agents. Now, it is very probable that the heated air proceeding from the lungs may form an atmosphere within the veil of silk, of power sufficient to decompose the miasma in its passage to the mouth; although it may be equally true that the texture of the silk covering may act mechanically as a nonconductor; and prove an impediment to the transmission of the deleterious substance.

**PRODIGY.**—A young lady by the name of Miss A. Honeywell, arrived in Philadelphia, for the purpose of exhibiting to the citizens, specimens of her ingenuity in the way of cutting profiles, and ornamental work on paper. She was born without arms, but has acquired an astonishing faculty with a pair of cissors, which instrument she uses with her

mouth. Some of her specimens are remarkably beautiful, and many of her profiles very correct resemblances of the human countenance.

## THE CASKET.

Devoted to Select Tales, Sketches from Biography, Natural and Civil History, Poetry, Anecdotes, the Arts, Essays, and Interesting Miscellany.

HAMILTON, DECEMBER 3, 1831.

### AGENTS FOR THE CASKET.

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A few sets of the Casket, from No. 1 can be furnished to subscribers who apply immediately.

Post Masters will greatly oblige us by acting as agents.

The exalted genius of Pope could stoop to schemes of economy; and he contrived to curtail his stationer's bill by writing some of his brightest effusions on the margins of his correspondence. We do not, then, cast any unworthy reflection on the generosity or magnanimity of the muses in this region of simplicity and frugality, by offering, as an equivalent for the writing materials which they consume in our service, the following

### LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The publisher of the Casket will award the following little tokens of merit to the most successful of those who may esteem a trifling distinction, in the art of cheering the winter's hearth and summer's arbour, with the fine spun fabrications of fancy and the ingenious details of truth, worth competing for Three Pounds currency, to the writer of the best *Original Tale*, written expressly for the Casket, and having its scene laid in Canada. Should the tale be lengthy, it is desirable that the division into chapters or other portions should be made by the author, so that not to exceed two pages of the Casket be occupied by its longest part. The same reference to *bounds* is recommended to the competitors for the remaining prizes: One Pound, currency, to the author of the best *Original Essay*—One Pound, currency, for the best *Original Poem*, of any length not to exceed one page of the Casket. As *mechanics*, we prefer lines that do not exceed ten syllables; because very long lines must be broken in a manner to give the page a confused appearance. One Pound, currency, for the most interesting *Original article* under the following heads: *Natural History*, *Biography*, *The Arts*. A volume of the "Rural Repository" will be presented to the successful competitor, for any of the above prizes,

who furnishes the plainest and most correct manuscript; and each of the prizes will be followed by a volume of the Casket at the end of the year.

All the manuscripts must be forwarded previous to the publication of the thirteenth number, (the sooner the better,) when they will be submitted to the decision of three disinterested literary gentlemen, who are not to know any of the authors, their names remaining with the publisher. Immediately after the fourteenth No. of the Casket is published, the prizes will be transmitted to their winners.

Editors, with whom we exchange, will confer a favor by copying or noticing this.

**Criticism.**—In the second number of the Casket, we copied neighbor Gurnett's criticisms upon the poetical productions of our correspondent "Briton;" and without giving our own opinion, (which we still decline,) left the poet "to vindicate his own figure in any future number of the Casket." We have been taken at our word, which is as inviolable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. But as "Briton's" communication is rather lengthy, we have taken only that part which goes to fulfil our promise.

"If the Editor sees any thing unchaste or unpoetical in a Cossack's flying before a Polish warrior with screaming whoop, I presume he is ignorant of the manners and history, ancient and modern, of that people; and if so, with a suggestion of the propriety of instructing himself in them before he turned critic, I will inform him that it is a peculiar characteristic of the Cossack's, who are the same race of men with the ancient Scythians and Parthians, to fight as well in full speed, in retreat from an enemy, as in the offensive; and it is a well known fact, that this sort of desultory warfare is the most effective they carry on. It was by the fierce, unexpected attacks of these modern centaurs, and their as speedy retreat, that Buonaparte's army in his retreat from his great and fatal Russian campaign, was so harassed and subdued. These are the same people that in ancient times defeated the Persian monarch, Darius, by the same wiles: that harassed the Roman General, Antony, in his Parthian expedition; and that proved the unconquerable enemies of the Roman empire, and at last its destroyers, with all its glory. These people always attack an enemy by rushing on him with frightful yell.

Whether Mr. Gurnett ever felt a glow of patriotism for his country, an indescribable thrill of unfeigned affection at the prospect of leaving for the land of his birth, the home of his youth, his children and tender wife, without his fate being known to them in a foreign land; or conceive such an image as the latter in

his imagination, I cannot say: and he thinks such a prospect before a dying father or warrior, painted in reality upon his soul, incapable of forcing a tear down his cheek; and that it would be indicative of pusillanimity, I say he knows little of the hidden springs of the mind or the generous workings of the soul. So far from such a thing being a sign of fear, in degrading a warrior in such a situation, it would be in my judgment, rather an indication of an heroic and magnanimous soul. The idea of an iron tear, taken in a metaphorical sense, and coupled with the natural moroseness of the Russian peasant and his bold and hardy character, is I conceive, just and appropriate."

"Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn."

**The Debtor.**—This morning, at the suggestion of a friend, the editor of the Casket, accompanied by another, paid a visit of curiosity to our Court House. Though we had taken our coffee and broiled steaks an hour previous, the new-fledged snow path leading to the Towning edifice, exhibited no fresh tracks to promise that the shivering, starving prisoner had been visited with *curly* comfort. On reaching the portal, a thrill of horror run over us, when our ear caught the low howling of the tempest as it stole into the spacious hall, and the maddening clank of the bolts and chains appended to the restless door, which had blown ajar. The inner folding-gates, of massive iron, were thrown apart, affording a full view of the hall, which terminated with an attractive circular staircase, leading to the court-room. Its spiral meanderings reminded us of the crooks and quirks of Law—we took the hint, and scrupulously avoiding the crooked pass-ge, turned aside to a prison door on our left. How variously men are affected by the will, under different circumstances. Here was a will to get in and a will to get out, and huge oak and iron interposed an insuperable barrier to the accomplishment of either. The former was expressed loud thumps and iterated and reiterated halloos, enough, we thought, to provoke the most stupid to reply; but the latter had relapsed into such silence—and we even began to hope that this department, at least, was unoccupied. At length, the bearer of a ponderous key appeared in the hall, and very courteously consented to escort us to the debtor's room, which was occupied by a solitary individual. He stood, with his back toward us, before the high, iron-bound window, as if contemplating the crystallizations of ice constantly forming there, or the hazy light which the snow reflected through the frost-enamelled glazing; and as we marked him, unobserved, he uttered no complaint, but once he heaved a sickly sigh and raised his eyes to heaven. Two refuse shingles (more than the laws provide,) lay mouldering on his hearth, and when these should vanish in smoke, they left no hope of more, saving the jail

the apartment—a thing to recline upon, but a pair of blankets and a filthy pillow, and fit to entertain a faithful dog. And as we viewed the chilling spectacle, the thought arose, "Stranger what brought thee here? Is this the mark of Cain set upon thee? Or horrid parricide—treason, or theft—what felony hath brought thee to this doom? None—wretched penury! Thus, then, the unfortunate drench the dregs of Imprisonment for Debt!" We broke the silence, and roused the debtor to consciousness—"Stranger, what brought thee here? Intemperance—luxury—play? What prodigality hath abused thee thus?" "Nay—be not too hasty," he interrupted, while a congealing tear trickled down his leaden cheek. "My chastisement was not so justly due—*faute* and *de* fault are two. Friendship prevailed on me to go another's surety—he failed—the debt devolved on me—and litigation stripped me of the last; and, though acquainted with my poverty, a creditor has sent me here?"

Now, if the *Foyageur* thinks our coloring high, or seeks an object for the exercise of his benevolence, let him trace our steps.

"Disappointment larks in money a prize,  
Like bees in flowers, and stings us with success."

**To Patrons.**—It is a subject of the deepest mortification to us, that not a single number of the Casket has been out of press in season. "Punctuality is the life of business," and we always said it; but unavailing difficulties have forbade our practising accordingly. We have been bucketing a hidden, but steady and systematic, opposition, which, at length, has arrived at the crisis. The reader who, after having spent an hour at the toilet, in preparations to fulfil some pleasing engagement, has met a thunder-storm at the door, just when sallying out, and then sat down to see his hopes dissipated as rapidly as the falling clouds, can only imagine our disappointment on the sudden interruption we met in the publication of the fourth number. But, in this short sighted state of existence, where nought is seen,

"But through the dark partition of an hour,"  
disappointments must come; and he is a happy mortal who meets no greater than to waddle two miles through mud and frost, and then hear the post-master announce, that the Casket has not arrived.—But our apology.

An attempt has been made to drag us from our stirrups, and to give the reins of our "HOBBY" into the hands of usurpers. We cling to the mane, as a forlorn hope, and have finally outriden the principal difficulty. To speak less metaphorically, an endeavor has been made to obtain our Casket, under the COLOR of a purchase. Certain individuals, who till then had been clamorous in their derision of our little periodical, gave us to understand, that they were willing to purchase it for a song, and "blow the sickly spark into life and animation." But we neither relished the compliment nor the bargain—especially as the establishment of an opposition was made a condition of our refusal to compromise. With all our other good qualities, we possess a laudable share of obstinacy; and because we suffered the refractory principle to predominate, in this instance, our opponents abruptly refused us the lease of their materials, upon which the Casket had formerly been printed; and the delay necessarily attendant upon the removal of our head-quarters and procuring new materials, has occasioned the late appearance of this paper.

In starting the first literary paper in Canada, we launched forth upon waves of uncertainty; and fondly hoped, should the vast prove favorable to such an enterprise, to enjoy a monopoly of its trade, at least for a few short years. But even the meritorious Columbus was superseded by adventurers who availed themselves of his discovery; and, alas! we too, have only been, like a wether-beaten pilot, furnishing soundings for some future *Voyageur*. The public smiled on our first efforts, and we were beginning to realize our fond anticipations—when lo, a competitor!

"Oh ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never loved a tree nor flower  
But 'twas the first to fade away."

We are, after all, doomed to starve our little bark down stream, stern foremost. The word has gone forth that the Casket shall be superseded by a rival; and our competitors, the publishers of the Free Press, are now "compassing sea and land," to make proselytes to our embryo competitor. The artist too, from whom we derived some of our brightest gems, lured by the lust of gain, has "gone over to the camp of the enemy." And with such an acquisition of talent, actuated by the powerful stimulus of 25¢ per annum, they predict that the "wildness and originality" of his "strains" will soon drown our morning-dew—that "our pluck" will fail where they "pluck fresh laurels;" and that they shall soon be left to enjoy the full benefit of our experiment.

To be serious, we have every reason to consider the Casket a permanent paper, and likely to be the cotemporary, if not the survivor of all its competitors; and we shall now redouble our efforts to make it worthy of the patronage already bestowed upon us; and as we shall, in future, be unnumbered by those embarrassments to which our irregularity has been hitherto attributable, we finally hope that its publication will now be seasonable and uninterrupted.

**To Correspondents.**—We are under many obligations to S. Y. for the tale on our first page; and hope to acknowledge more.

"The Mother's Grave" shall have a place in our next.

"Tom Bow-line" has sent us an interesting tale in several chapters.

We hope that the "Skeptick's" doubts will never result in any thing more serious than they did on "the Night of December 1."

What has become of "Lorenzo?"

We hope to have another "peep into the closet" of E. His epistolary and fugitive productions doubtless contain many good things.

It is our last we omitted to return our sincere thanks to the "Sportsman," for his seasonable and philosophical "Thoughts on the Course." May we have the satisfaction to hear from him again.

#### HINT TO POETS.

Ah! where's the lifted arm,  
The strength of action, and the force of words,  
The well turned period, and the well-timed voice,  
With all the lesser ornaments of praise!  
Ah! fled for ever as they ne'er had been!  
Raz'd from the book of fame: or, more provoking,  
Perhaps some hackney sungen-bitten scribber  
Enfills thy memory, and blots thy tomb  
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,  
With heavy halting pace that drawl along,  
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,  
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

BLAIR.

**Occultation.**—Early in the evening of Friday, December 9th, the beautiful planet Jupiter will, with all his satellites, appear to the inhabitants of the United



States to be eclipsed by the moon, under circumstances the most favorable to observation. A phenomenon which, it is hoped will not be permitted to pass unnoticed. The immersion will take place on the dark, and the emersion on the enlightened side of the moon.—*Western Recorder*

The Poles have at length been entirely defeated; and likewise the English Reform Bill. Among the singular coincidences which frequently become matters of history, it is worthy of remark, that the 8th of September, the day of England's greatest hilarity and proudest splendor, which tended to promote the permanence of their government—that same day witnessed the bier of Polish liberty borne to the tomb, while the earth drank up the blood of her fairest, bravest and best warriors, cut down in the defence of their capital, during the devastation of the 6th and 7th. It has been also remarked, that on the 7th, the same day on which the citizens of Boston assembled to dedicate standards to the Polish patriots, as presents in token of their esteem—that unhappy people were struggling with the last conflict in defence of the heart of their independent government.

#### TEMPERANCE MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Hamilton Temperance Society, will be held at the Methodist Chapel in this town, on Monday evening, the 26th instant, at half past 9 o'clock, P. M. By order of the President. FRANCIS LEONARD, Sec'y.  
A general attendance is requested.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

"All are but parts of that stupendous whole,  
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

From a late London paper.

#### THE NEW VOLCANO.

The Philomel brig of war, which left Malta harbour on Tuesday afternoon, the 19th July, with the masters of the St. Vincent and Granges, to ascertain the correct particulars, &c. of the New Volcano Island, forming off Sciaccò, in Sicily, discovered the object at 1 A. M., on Thursday the 21st. At six they observed a thick smoke issuing apparently from the sea, the spot bearing N. W. 3/4 W.; and, on steering in that direction, fell in with the Hind cutter at 9, which vessel had left Malta on Sunday the 17th, but had not yet reached the New Volcano, owing to calms. The island then bore N. W. by W., six or eight miles distant; at 9 deg. 45 min the Philomel hove to, three miles windward. Capt. Smith, with the two masters and Col. Bathurst, a passenger, left the vessel in boats, for the purpose of taking soundings as near as they could approach with safety, but had scarcely got one mile away, when the volcano burst out with a tremendous explosion, resembling the noise of a very heavy thunder storm, and flames of fire, like flashes of lightning. The boats were covered with black cinders, which also fell on board

the vessel, and all around, to a distance of (at least) three miles from the volcano. The eruption in all its fury, lasted seven minutes, and when the smoke had somewhat cleared away the island had increased in size two fold.

The volcano bursts out regularly at about every two hours, and emits all around it a suffocating sulphureous stench. On first making it, at a long distance, it resembles a cluster or grove of cypress trees. The English brig *Boote*, of Liverpool, an American, and one or two foreign vessels were off the place.

Its precise latitude is 37 11 North, and longitude 12 44 East; the soundings in the vicinity, say 80 yards off the island, bearing N. E. are 70 to 73 fathoms; West, a quarter of a mile, 75 to 76 fathoms. At five and six miles distance they vary from 70 to 80 fathoms. The volcano appears composed mostly of cinders of a rusty black colour, having only a sprinkling of lava, of an oblong shape, and the island, as last seen on Friday, the 23d, was not less than three quarters of a mile in circumference. The N. W. point is the highest, say about ten feet above the level of the sea, and lower towards the southern extremity. The S. E. side of the crater has fallen in to the level of the sea. The sea is drawn in with a very loud noise, and occasions an immense volume of white vapour to rise up in the air, curling and spreading wide; then succeeds rapidly the eruption of cinders and lava, thrown to the height of from 400 to 500 feet, and on some occasions to 1000 feet, forking and branching out in all directions in its ascent, and afterwards falling and pouring down in stupendous masses, with such violence as to cause a noise like heavy thunder, and making the sea for a considerable distance around, one entire sheet of foam—altogether a sight not to be imagined.

#### THE GOLDEN-WINGED WOODPECKER.

It is generally agreeable to be in the company of individuals who are naturally animated and pleasant. For this reason, nothing can be more gratifying than the society of woodpeckers in the forest. No sooner has the spring called them to the pleasant duty of making love, than their voice which by the way, is not at all disagreeable to the ear of man, is heard from the tops of high decayed trees, proclaiming with delight the opening of the welcome season. Their note, at this period is merriment itself, as it imitates a prolonged and jovial laugh, heard at a considerable distance. Several males pursue a female, reach her, and, to prove the force and truth of their love, bow their heads, spread their tail, and move sidewise, backwards, and forwards, performing such antics as might induce any one witnessing them, if not of a most morose temper, to join his laugh to theirs. The female flies to another tree, where she is closely followed by one, two or even half-a-dozen of these gay suitors, and where again the same ceremonies are gone through. No fightings occur, no

jealousies seem to exist among these beaux until a marked preference is shown to some individual, when the rejected proceed in search of another female. In this manner all the Golden-winged woodpeckers are happily mated. Each pair immediately proceeds to excavate the trunk of a tree and finish a hole in it sufficient to contain themselves and their young. They both work with great industry and apparent pleasure. Should the male, for instance, be employed the female is close to him, and congratulates him on the removal of every chip which his bill sends through the air. While he rests, he appears to be speaking to her on the most tender subjects, and when fatigued, is at once assisted by her. In this manner, by the alternate exertions of each, the hole is dug and finished. They cress each other on the branches, climb about and around the tree with apparent delight—rattle with their bill against the tops of the dead branches,—chase all their cousins, the Red-head—deify the Purple—Grackles to enter their nest—feed plentifully on ants, beetles, and larvae, cackling at intervals, and ere two weeks have elapsed the female lays either four or six eggs, the whiteness and transparency of which are doubtless the delight of her heart. If to raise a numerous progeny may contribute to happiness, these Woodpeckers are in this respect happy enough; for they have two broods each season; and as this might induce you to imagine Woodpeckers extremely abundant in America, I may tell you at once that they are so.—*Audubon's American Ornithology.*

SAGACITY OF A GREYHOUND AND POINTER.—A gentleman in the county of Stirling, kept a greyhound and pointer, and, being fond of coursing, the pointer was accustomed to find the hares, and the greyhound to catch them. When the season was over, it was found that the dogs were in the habit of going out by themselves, and killing the hares for their own amusement. To prevent this, a large iron ring was fastened to the pointer's neck by a leather collar, and hung down, so as to prevent the dog from running or jumping over dykes &c. The animals, however, continued to stroll out to the field together; and one day the gentleman, suspecting that all was not right, resolved to watch them, and, to his surprise, found that the moment they thought they were unobserved, the greyhound took up the iron ring in his mouth, and, carrying it, they set off to the hills, and began to search for hares as usual. They were followed, and it was observed that whenever the pointer scented the hare, the ring was dropped, and the greyhound stood ready to pounce upon poor puss the moment the other drove her from her form, but he uniformly returned to assist his companion when he had accomplished his object.



## MUSES' CORNER.

"With many a flower, of birth divine,  
We'll grace this little garden spot;  
Nor on it breathe a thought, a line,  
Which, dying, we would wish to blot."

## FOR THE CASNET.

"For many a laugh went thro' the vale,  
And some conviction too;  
Each thought some other goblin tale,  
Perhaps, was just and true."

A VISION OF DECEMBER FIRST,  
1831.

The tempest hurld its drifts about,  
Sleet through the key-hole crept,  
And all was dark and drear without—  
While many soundly slept,  
Who yesternight had kept  
Saint Andrew merry with the rout.

I snuggled down and bless'd my roof,  
For warm security;  
But, though from frost and harm aloof,  
There was no sleep for me—  
"To be or not to be"—  
I craved some superhuman proof.

And now I strain'd my ears to hear  
Some deep, unearthly sound;  
And then I cover'd down through fear  
Some sprite was hovering round,  
To break the dread profound,  
With summons fell and horrid leer.

And now a crash assail'd my ears,  
Attended by a scream—  
I broke the grasp of all my fears,  
Like starting from a dream;  
For now, in sooth, 'twould seem  
The gods had mark'd my doubts and tears.

But what their herald might disclose  
Was terror-fraught to me—  
With palpitating heart I rose,  
And dress'd me cap-a-pie;  
Then op'd the door to see—  
Jack Frost slid in and seiz'd my nose.

I felt his fingers icy hard—  
Slam'd to the door and fled!  
My window shuts were left unbar'd—  
Confound my servant Ned,  
To cause me such a dread—  
This carelessness shall thee discard.

SKEPTIC.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASNET.  
STANZAS.

'Tis sweet to stray at morning gray,  
And hear the warblers on the spray  
Attune their little throats,  
And loudly praise the newborn rays  
Of Phœbus' bright and orient blaze,  
As through the sky he floats.

'Tis sweet to stray, when closing day,  
Hing in the west, dies fast away,  
And leaves all nature still;  
When nought is heard but zephyr's sigh,  
The nightbird's call far in the sky,  
Or song of whipporwill.

But sweeter far, when Venus' Star  
And Cynthia bright and shining are,  
To wander in their light,  
With her whose love doth ever prove,  
To me all else here far above,  
With fond eyes glowing bright.

BRIFON.

## Selected.

## STANZAS.

When hope's fancy fingers are straying,  
O'er the chords of the youthful heart,  
And fancy in prospect displaying  
The bliss that now years may impart;  
When sweet feelings are ever unspringing,  
And the pulse all joyously beat,  
When each day a new treasure is bringing,  
Oh! then indeed life is most sweet.

When the torch of affection, just lighted,  
Burns bright on the altar of truth,  
Ere the cold, selfish world yet has blighted  
One innocent feeling of truth;  
When earth seems a garden unfaded,  
When flowers cling around our glad feet,  
When no cloud our bright heaven is shading,  
Oh! then indeed, life is most sweet.

When the cold breath of sorrow is sweeping  
O'er the chords of the youthful heart,  
And the youthful eye, dimm'd with weeping,  
Sees the vision of fancy depart;  
When the bloom of young feeling is dying,  
And the breath throbs with passion's fierce strife;  
When our days are wasted in sighing;  
Who then can find sweetness in life?

When, unkindness or coldness have faded  
The pure, undimmed light of love,  
And the mists of the cold world have shaded  
The dreams that around our hearts move;  
When earth seems a wide waste of sorrow,  
No longer with bright blessings rife;  
When we look but for clouds on each morrow,  
Who then can find sweetness in life?

## Selected.

## THE FEMALE AUCTIONEER.

"Who'll buy a heart?" sweet Harriet cries—  
Harriet the blooming and the fair—  
Whose lovely form and dove-like eyes,  
Can banish grief and soothe despair—  
"Come, bid; my heart is up for sale.  
Will no one bid? pray, sirs, consider,  
'Tis sound, and kind, and fond, and hale,  
And a great bargain to the bidder."

"T'll bid," says Gripus—"I will pay,  
A thousand eagles promptly told."  
"That's no bid, kind sir, let me say—  
A faithful heart's not bought with gold."  
"T'll bid with marriage, faith, and plight,  
A heart," says Frank, "with love o'erflowing."  
"Aye! that's a bid that's something like—  
And now my heart is going—going."

## Selected.

## A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

Again Boreas, of the north, afar,  
Hath chain'd his coursers to his frosted car—  
Again he sweeps o'er streamlet, hill, and dale,  
Pouring an icy breath through every gale;  
No more on mountain top the flocks are seen,  
Nor busy bee hums o'er the velvet green—  
The Summer songsters to the south are flown,  
The robin chirps on leafless bough alone—  
Dismantled forests mourn his tyrant sway,  
And gentle snowflakes wither and decay.  
But now another scene bursts into view,  
And sterile winter wears a brighter hue.  
Though not the beauties of the spring appear,  
Yet joy may crown this season of the year.

## ANECDOTES.

"Trilles light as air."

A PAIR OF POCKETS.—No Prince was more addressed than Charles II.; but the very people who sent the generous, nay, extravagant offers, generously allowed him the necessary supplies. Killigrew gave private orders to the King's tailor to make one of His Majesty's coat pockets of an enormous size, and the other scarcely larger than a thimble. The king being informed that this was done at the desire of Killigrew, asked him the reason. "May it please your Majesty," replied the wng, "the large pocket is to receive the addresses and professions of your subjects, and the other is to put your money in, which they present you with."

Lady Hamilton, when at Palermo, asked Lord Nelson's coxswain, who carried her baggage to the Ambassador's Hotel, and presented him with a moidore, "what he could wish to drink?" "Why, please your honor," said the coxswain, "I am not thirsty." "But," said her Ladyship, "Nelson's steersman must drink with me, so what will you take—a dram—a glass of grog—or a glass of punch?" "Why," said Jack, "as I am to have the honor of drinking with your Ladyship's honor, so I'll take the dram, and will be drinking the glass of grog, while your Ladyship is mixing the tumbler of punch for me." ..

A SWEET TEMPER.—A gentleman when asked his opinion of a certain critic, a few days ago, gave it in the following terms:—why he is a perfect crab-apple—a decoction of orange-juice—the quintessence of acerbity. If I wished to convert the Thames into lemonade, I should pitch him into it; if after the first dip, it was not sufficiently acidulated for ordinary drinking, water must contain a greater quantity of saccharine matter than chemists generally imagine."

George the III. once said to Sir J. Irwin, a famous bon vivant, "they tell me, Sir John, you love a glass of wine." "Those Sire, who reported me to your Majesty," answered he, "do me great injustice; they should have said a bottle."

Dr. Johnson on having argued for some time with a pertinacious gentleman; his opponent, who had talked in a very puzzling manner, happened to say, "I don't understand you, Sir." Upon which the doctor instantly retorted, "Sir, though I have found you an argument, I am not obliged to furnish you with an understanding."

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A. CROSMAN, Publisher.

C.M.B.